"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No 11.—VOL. XX.] NOVEMBER, 1876. [NEW SERIES.—PRICE 1½d.

Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE so-called Father Ignatius is now going about denouncing Dean Stanley. He speaks of the Dean "as being everything but a Christian, and as having no more right to preach in a Christian pulpit than Charles Bradlaugh." The Act of Conformity surely may now be repealed. The Dean has long thought so.

THERE is said to be a singular religious revival among the deaf and dumb of Belgium and Holland. Although the meetings are sometimes excited, probably they are seldom very noisy, the "Amens" being expressed with fingers rather than tongues. There must be great satisfaction in "getting religion" so quietly.

A GOOD deal of mother-wit manifests itself as well as playfulness at home in Mr. Moody, even while he is conducting a religious service. He will have his little joke. Lately in illustrating the parable of the guests who were backward at the dinner party, he said: "The excuse of the third man was more absurd than any. 'I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.' Now why didn't he take his wife along with him?" "Certainly, why not? The old lady would have enjoyed it as much as any one."

THE late Norman Macleod had a strong sense of humour. He once attended a meeting of scientists, in which the meteoric theory was discussed. He seems to have been greatly stirred by the assumption of what is called advanced thought, for he made a speech whose wit charmed, if its logic did not convince. He afterward wrote to a friend, that "Perhaps the men of science would do well, in accordance with these last results, to re-write the first chapter of Genesis in this way: (1) The earth was without form and void. (2) A meteor fell upon the earth. (3) The result was fish, flesh, and fowl. (4) From these proceeded the British Association. (5) And the British Association pronounced it all tolerably good."

MEN of much and of little information equally see the tendency of the ritualistic movement in England. During the recent restoration of a church in the suburbs of London, of the advanced Ritualistic type, one of the workmen employed, ascending the pulpit, exclaimed, "I publish the banns of matrimony between this Church and the Church of Rome." "And I," said another artisan, turning towards the first speaker, "forbid the banns." "On what grounds!" inquired he of the pulpit. "'Cos the parties is too near akin," was the reply.

A LITTLE girl having one day read to her teacher the first twelve verses of the fifth chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, he asked her to stop and tell him which of these divine graces, said by our Lord to be blessed, she should most like to have. She paused a little, and then said with a modest smile, "I would rather be pure in heart." Her teacher asked her why she chose this above all the rest. "Sir," she said, "if I had a pure heart, I should have all the other graces spoken of in the chapter." We may often learn the highest wisdom out of the mouths of little children.

THE *Rock* commends good Churchmen to keep an ear open for heresy on their travels, and then gives an example of what it means:—"A short time ago the Rev. B. Woodd preached a sermon in Filey Church, when he distinctly affirmed 'the existence of some place or state beyond this present world and life in which a forgiven man might completely work out particular punishments for particular sins, if he should fail to do so in this life.' As this is tantamount to teaching purgatory, Dr. Tilbury Fox, who happened to be staying at Filey and heard the sermon, wrote to Mr. Woodd to remonstrate, and a correspondence passed between them, which the layman was anxious to send to the *Filey Post*, but the clergyman demurred. And in this unsatisfactory condition the matter remains. We wish all autumnal wanderers had as keen an ear for false teaching and were as ready to expose it as Dr. Tilbury Fox has shown himself."

A FEW weeks ago one of our ministers informed us that one of the postmen of his town, who had to deliver a postal card containing a notice of a Unitarian meeting, stayed for a few minutes and expostulated with the receiver of this card and prayed for her. It is generally understood that the officials are prohibited reading cards sent by the post. Our religious postman reminds us of the case of a postmaster who ran out from his office the other day, flourishing a card, and calling out to a lady as she drove up to meet a lady friend: "You'd better read it! she ain't coming!"

THERE is a common phrase among us, it never appears to us correct, "That God gives to all of us inspiration," without the word "inspiration" has some very ordinary meaning; for these would-be inspired people never seem to us to give utterance to anything above common-place sayings. A contemporary says: "A friend of ours once attended a Quaker meeting, in the hope of hearing a certain eminent preacher, but the time was all occupied by persons whose qualifications to speak were of a very questionable sort, and whose utterances seemed little better than a caricature of gospel truth. Our friend was a guest in a Quaker household, and on returning from meeting he begged his hostess to explain why it was that if the Lord 'inspired' those unintelligent preachers, he did not 'give them something to say!' The justice and the pertinency of this interrogatory, under the circumstances which suggested it, wereseen and frankly acknowledged."

THE following regulations have been posted in the forestal domains of France by order of the Minister of Agriculture: "This placard is placed under the protection of good sense and public decency. Hedgehog—Lives on mice, small rodents, slugs, and grubs, animals hurtful to agriculture. Don't kill the hedgehog. Toad—Farm assistant; destroys from twenty to thirty insects an hour. Don't kill the toad. Mole—Is continually destroying grubs, larvæ, palmer worms, and insects injurious to agriculture. No trace of vegetation is ever found in its stomach. Does more good than harm. Don't kill the mole. May Bug—Mortal enemy of agriculture; lays from seventy to eighty eggs. Kill the May bug. Birds—Each department loses several millions annually through insects. Birds are the only enemies able to contend against them victoriously. They are great caterpillar killers and agricultural assistants. Children, don't disturb their nests. Children will be paid twenty-five centimes for every 500 May bugs placed in the hands of the garde champêtre."

A CORRECTION.—Several of our readers have noted what must be an error—our preference, apparently so, of the Roman Catholics over the Methodists, by the misplacing of the words former and latter in one of our notes last month. We assure our friends it is a palpable error. We regard our Methodist brethren as doing one of the noblest Christian works of the present century, they are everywhere seeking nothing but the salvation of men from moral evil and its terrible penalty. We bless God for their great success. We wish they had only a simpler theology. The Roman Catholic Church at the present appears to us as little less than a grand organised conspiracy against the liberties of the world, and the pure and simple religion we profess. We thank our friends for calling our attention to the blunder by the misplaced words of last month.

Mr. T. J. FIELD, in one of his Sunday afternoon addresses, said:—Outside the pulpit there is a great deal of practical preaching to be done during the coming winter. The aptest sermon in December for a shivering fellow-mortal is a pair of thick trousers and coat to match. Sometimes the best advice you can bestow on a poor widow in a bitter cold day is a ton of coal. I have seen little children toddle off to Sunday-school and learn their lessons willingly when texts of Scripture have first been sent to them in the form of shoes and stockings accompanied by overcoats and hoods. You can never know, until you try it, the effect of warm flannel nightgowns on the morals of young sinners, all the way from five to ten years of age, on whose thin beds the January snow habitually sifts in through broken windows. A friend of mine visited a freezing apartment last year and clothed three half-naked, swearing urchins in comfortable raiment, and she told me that when the poor shivering creatures had got well into their new garments, they began to chirp like a nest of young robins, and sing, for the first time, perhaps, in their ragged, wretched lives, "Our Father who art in heaven!" I have known repeated applications of hot soup to a poor, blaspheming, suffering sailor, bring out a vital piety that had lain smouldering in the ashes of his heart for twenty years—ever since he left his mother's arms and ran away to sea as a cabin boy. I have an impression that we are told pretty plainly in a wise old book that "pure religion and undefiled before God the Father" means not only to keep ourselves "unspotted from the world," but to visit (especially during cold weather) the fatherless and widows in their affliction; to go on pilgrimages to poverty—not wait to be sent for—and when found, to give *immediate* relief.

THE CHURCH THAT HAD PARALYSIS.

"WHAT is the matter in Mr. Clinton's church?" said Mr. Jones to a friend, as they were walking together down the village street. "It is said, you know, that Unitarians expect to be saved by their works; but from all accounts I should fear our neighbours would find themselves bankrupt at last, for I hear their affairs are at a very low ebb, socially, spiritually, and financially."

"The truth is," replied Mr. Lupin, "the Unitarians don't seem to love their church as the Methodists do, for instance. At all events, they don't care to give as much time and money to the cause. At least one would judge so from the condition of this case."

That very afternoon a few ladies were taking tea with the Misses Blyth, who had recently returned to their native town after a three years' absence. They had brought back loyal hearts, and were grieved to find there was great disaffection in the old meeting which had been their spiritual home and their parents' before them. The Misses Blyth were twins, and a more charming pair Nature had seldom started on the journey of life. Legends of their beauty in infancy were often repeated in the town, and many were living who remembered the grace and fascination of their youth and girlhood; and now, having reached the summit of life's hill, and the sun beginning to go down, they were enjoying a serene and beautiful "middle age." They were not alike, however. Miss Lucy impressed one as a bracing north-western wind, clearing the moral atmosphere, and dispelling mental fog. If, by chance, the air was ever too searching, and wounded in its progress, Miss Ruth followed close behind, pouring in the oil and wine of appreciation and affection.

Many were the surmises as to why they had never married. A grave in a distant cemetery could have told half the story, and "too high an ideal" the other. As it was, their large, warm hearts took in a vast circle of friends, and their love for children found a full response in many happy homes.

On this especial afternoon they had invited a few old friends and neighbours to an old-fashioned tea-drinking. They were seated in the parlour, with its low ceiling and faded furniture, but a bright fire gave a cheerful aspect to the scene, and through the open door the round table, with its ancient tea-service, gave a hint of the good things which were sure to appear in due time.

"And now tell us all about it," said Miss Lucy, as they took out their knitting, and settled themselves in the comfortable arm-chairs. "What has happened in the dear old place?"

"Well," replied Miss Mason, "the fact is, we've been running down for two years or more; there's no life left in the church, and it's hard to raise the salary; but I'm sure I don't know where the fault lies."

"For my part," said Mrs Gray, "I think Mr. Clinton has lost all interest in his work, or in us. He does not preach as he did when he first came, and I go home every Sunday feeling as if I had been fed on husks."

"Well," said Mrs. Trafton, "I suppose it's hard for a man to give fresh, vigorous sermons when he sees so little interest in the people, and when half the time, poor man, he has been watching with one or the other of his sick children."

"A minister has no business to marry and have half a dozen children, if he cannot find time to perform his other duties also," said Mrs. Gray.

"Perhaps it helps him to understand other people's wants and trials, having a home of his own," suggested Miss Ruth. "There should be no reason why he has not time for all his duties. To begin with, why is there so much sickness in his household?"

"Well," said Miss Mason, "it is thought the house is rather damp, but it was the only one he could find in the village large enough to accommodate his family. Now, if he could only afford to build one in a sunny situation!"

"Why don't the people build a parsonage?" said Miss Lucy.

"Build a parsonage?" exclaimed

Mrs. Gray, "why we can just manage to raise the salary. One does not care, you know, to put one's whole income into church expenses."

"Now, from what I can gather," said Miss Lucy, "there has been trouble on both sides. It is a downright shame to let the poor man live in that house down in the hollow. No wonder he does not feel much in the mood for visiting a people who show so little interest in his welfare. I rather think if he were made happy by a little consideration, and had a bright room to study in instead of a gloomy one, and saw his children healthy instead of feeble, you would find new life in his sermons. After that the salary would come easier. What do you say to trying the experiment? I have come home all ready to work."

"Good!" responded Miss Ruth. "And to make matters easier, you and I will give the ground for the purpose. I am sure father would have approved of this."

"And that is not all," added Lucy, getting warmed up. "We'll give up for a year or two throwing out a bay-window for our plants, and put the money it would cost aside as a 'nest egg' for the parsonage. Now what will the rest of you promise to do?"

The enthusiasm of the sisters was contagious among their guests, some of whom had mourned hopelessly over affairs; and for an hour or more the subject was discussed with unabated energy."

Miss Mason said she had little ready money to offer, but felt sure they could accomplish wonders. They might count on her.

Mrs. Gray promised to interest her husband in the matter, though she wished they might have a new pastor while they were about it. There is not much fun in working for a man who is so limp, and never has a cordial word when he meets one in the street.

"Let's try the experiment of speaking a cordial word to him every Sunday," replied Lucy; "perhaps he'll take the hint."

Before they parted Mrs. Trafton had undertaken that her husband should call a meeting to make known the offer of land "for the use of the society for ever." Only set a community to work, and let each member feel that his work counts, and half the battle is won. Before a month was out the "parsonage" had become a hobby.

This enthusiasm proved a grand success, and authorised the beginning of the much-desired building. Skilful hands covered home-made furniture, and carved pretty brackets to ornament the room. One sent as a donation a sewing-machine; another, a lawn-mower; a third, carpeting. Some looked upon it as a good investment, since if times ever grew hard a smaller salary would be offered where house rent was thrown in.

Each man gave according to his means or employment. Plants were set out around the porch, and fruit-trees were planted in the rear. One lovely summer day Mr. Clinton and his family were invited to take possession, and helpful hands were ready to assist at the moving. The baby was installed in the sunny nursery; while the other children were allowed to run wild about their new home. Friends arrived bearing covered dishes containing good things to stock the larder. At twilight, when all work was completed, they rested from their labours, and their pastor standing in the porch tried with a full heart and trembling voice to express all he felt for their great kindness to him and to his family. He was a reticent man; but no one who looked on his countenance could doubt that they were all standing on the threshold of a new life in their parish. Before parting he offered a fervent prayer for aid to serve his people as he had never done before, and consecrated himself anew to his life's work. —*The Star in the West.*

A COUNTRY curate, in a letter to *Blackwood's Magazine*, says that on one occasion he baptised a child named "Acts." Afterwards in the vestry he asked the good woman what made her choose such a name? Her answer was this: "Why, sir, we be religious people; we've got four on 'em already, and they be caal'd Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and so my husband thought he'd compliment the Apostles a bit."

AMEN.

A DEVOUT writer has remarked that *Amen* is a word of venerable signification; it is associated with our earliest religious thoughts, and it carries with it a kind of sanctifying influence. It is highly and thoroughly scriptural, is, in fact, a Hebrew word, and is often met with in the Old Testament; still more frequently, perhaps, in the New, for where we find "Verily, verily, I say unto you," the Greek is Amen, and so is it translated in the Latin version of Beza. It has an affirmative meaning, as verity, firmness. The promises of God are said to be, "Yea and Amen;" in the Apocalypse we read, "These things saith he, Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God;" and again, "Behold I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of hell and of death." With ourselves (Amen) the meaning seems to be confined to assent to any prayer or earnest wish, "So be it," "Let it be so." Thus Shakespeare makes Macbeth, after the murder of Duncan, exclaim—

"One cried, 'God bless us,' and 'Amen' the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman hands,
Listening their fear, I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us."
"But wherefore could I not pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat."

Most wonderfully true to human nature and the moral sense.

Amen is the people's word, their own sacred property, their endorsement of the minister's utterance, and it should be pronounced in their religious assemblies, clearly, boldly, simultaneously, and with a heartiness and alacrity, showing that the attention has been engaged during the prayer. In the early Church, the Amen, uttered by the congregation, sounded as a peal of thunder; and in like manner would we have it now, not, as in too many cases, in fact the majority, left to the lips of the preacher alone, or at the utmost to the clerk, where such a person officiates, or even to a well-trained choir, beautifully as we have heard it thus intoned, especially in Cathedral services; but it should be taken up by the great body of worshippers, and whether said or sung, should be a large and fervent response, befitting hearts and voices commingling in the work of praise and supplication. The pious aspirations should kindle and spread the fire and make speech with the tongue, till all be one sacrifice of blessing and honour and glory to Him who sits on the Throne, and to the Lamb, even for ever.

Whoever has attended a service in a Wesleyan chapel must have been struck with the frequency as well as energy of the Amens, loudly uttered by the people, during the time of prayer. To unaccustomed ears these audible responses sound rather strangely; they startle at first, may be thought too noisy and demonstrative, yet there is something in the whole inspiring, both to the congregation and to him who leads their destinies, and it could be wished that we, as Unitarians, had some such practice in our churches. We have heard it said that a learned and very celebrated Methodist minister, preaching at a fashionable watering place, was greatly chagrined that the people responded so feebly, and with such a subdued sound throughout his prayers, and that he complained publicly of their reticence in this particular. The loud Amen was, to him, of no small import.

In most dissenting congregations, where the worship is conducted after the old fashion, there is what is well called "the long prayer." Long it frequently is, and it may be, without irreverence, added not seldom something tedious. Half an hour's exercise of the kind, a thing in bygone days the reverse of uncommon, must have severely tried the patience, if not the physical strength, of the majority of worshippers, for they were up-standing, in a constrained posture, and the mental feeling would be, "What a weariness is it." Tradition hands down an hour, or even longer, spent in this way, on extraordinary occasions—an ordination or a fast sermon. How wearied must the mind become, how prostrated the

body, under an infliction sufficiently trying to the most devout or enthusiastic! What a relief must the Amen have proved when uttered at last! It is not in human nature to keep up the proper degree of attention under such circumstances. This we think to be one of the advantages of a Liturgy, that, besides the responses, the prayers are broken up into short collects, each with its final Amen, and each thus demanding assent. There is much truth in the objection to what is called "Free prayer," urged by a lover of printed forms, that he found it impossible to hear, to judge, and to pray at the same time. When the book is before the eyes, and these rest on the words thus printed, the minister's voice repeating them, and so urging them on the attention and devout feelings of the assembly, then Amen is more than a mere concluding word; then it is the cordial assent of those engaged in the work of adoration and thanksgiving; then it wafts the prayers to the footstool of the Majesty on High; then earthly worship becomes a fit symbol of that which is heavenly.

Amen! there is inspiration in the utterance, it is bound up with the sublimest ideas. In that majestic poem, "The Revelation of St. John the Divine," we have it again and again, prominently brought forth. The ten thousand times ten thousand, and the redeemed with the four spirits, and the four and twenty elders, say Amen to the doxologies they are perpetually singing, uttering to the music of their golden harps, "Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the Throne, and to the Lamb." "Surely, I come quickly, Amen, even so, come Lord Jesus;" whilst the great Apostle to the Gentiles ends every one of his epistles with this expressive word, nor are Peter or John in this respect behind him. We ought to be at all times ready to imitate their practice. Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee, for blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from everlasting and to everlasting, Amen, and Amen, and in this, the most noble of all employments, let ALL the people say AMEN.

T. B.

UNIVERSALISM IS TRUE.

God wills the salvation of all men.—"Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth."—1 Tim. ii. 4.

God purposes the salvation of all men.—"Having made known unto us the history of his will, according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself:

"That in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in him."—Eph. i. 9, 10.

God promises to save all men.—"Ye are the children of the prophets, and of the covenant which God made with our fathers, saying unto Abraham, And in thy seed shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed."—Acts iii. 25.

God makes oath that He will save all men.—"I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, That unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear. Surely, shall one say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength."—Isa. xlv. 23, 24.

God sent His Son to save all men.—"For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved."—John iii. 17.

Thus we see what God *wills*, He *purposes;* what He *purposes*, He *promises;* what He *promises*, He *makes oath to;* and what He *makes oath to*, He *sends His Son* to accomplish.

Shall the will of God be done?—"He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?"—Dan. iv. 35.

Will God's purpose be executed?—"My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure."—Isa. xlvi. 10.

Will God fulfil His promises?—"For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen, unto the glory of God by us."—2 Cor. i. 20.

Will God make good His oath?—"Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed

it by an oath: that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us."—Heb. vi. 17, 18.

Will Jesus accomplish the work He came to do?—"He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."—Isa. liii. 11.

"Wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." — Philip. ii. 9-11. — *A. C. Thomas.*

THE TRAVELLER IN THE SNOW.

A TRAVELLER was crossing a mountain height alone over almost untrodden snows. Warning had been given him that if slumber pressed down upon his weary eyelids, they would inevitably be sealed in death. For a time he went bravely along his path. But with the deepening shade and freezing blast of night, there fell a weight upon his brain and eyes which seemed to be irresistible. In vain he tried to reason with himself, in vain he strained his utmost energies to shake off that fatal heaviness. At this crisis of his fate his foot struck against a heap that lay across his path. No stone could be colder or more lifeless. He stooped to touch it, and found a human body half buried beneath a fresh drift of snow. The next moment the traveller had taken a brother in his arms, and was chafing his hands, and chest and brow, breathing upon the stiff, cold lips the warm breath of a living soul; pressing the silent heart to the beating pulses of his own generous bosom. The effort to save another had brought back to himself life, and warmth, and energy. He was a *man* again, instead of a weak creature succumbing to a despairing helplessness, dropping down in dreamless sleep to die. "He saved a brother, and was saved himself."—*English Hearths and English Homes.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

"A mother's love!
If there be one thing pure,
When all beside is sullied,
That can endure
When all else passes away;
If there be aught
Surpassing human deed, or word, or thought,
It is a mother's love."

How much of all that is pleasant in our life, blissful in our experience, hallowed in our memory, our solace in sickness, our strength in adversity, our courage in trial, our support in affliction, is comprehended in those few words, "A Mother's Love."

The true mother is the personification of all patience, clemency, fortitude, and affection. When all others prove false, how strong is the conviction within us that in her love there is no dissimulation, that we have but to approach her and acquaint her with our necessities in order to realise a cheerful and timely response.

There is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother for her children that transcends all other affections of her heart. It is neither to be killed by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by unworthiness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort for her child's alleviation, she will surrender every pleasure for his enjoyment. She will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity, and if adversity overtakes him, he will be dearer to her in adversity, commanding her sympathy in the midst of the most adverse circumstances.

At home and abroad, by night and by day, in public and in private, her love is the same. Unwearied devotion to the objects of her love is the distinguishing characteristic of the true mother; it is a virtue in an eminent degree peculiarly her own. Among all the virtues that adorn and dignify the character of woman this love is the purest and the holiest. It is a gem that no darkness can obscure, and that no vice can sully. It is not a selfish passion depending on form and feature, or other external circumstances, for its permanency and support, but in weal and woe, in joy and sorrow, in health

and sickness, its beams shine in peerless beauty undimmed and unchanged.

An incident in illustration of my subject occurred among the highlands of Scotland. One day one of the gigantic eagles of that country carried away an infant that was sleeping in its mother's cottage. The villagers turned out in a body and sought to recover the child, but the eagle soon perched upon the loftiest pinnacle of the mountain, and every one regarded the child as lost. A sailor endeavoured to climb the steep ascent, but his strong limbs trembled and he was at last obliged to give up the pursuit. A strong highlander, accustomed to climb the hills of his native land, next tried, but even his limbs gave out, and he was precipitated to the base of the mountain. At last a poor peasant woman came forward for the rescue of the little one. She placed her feet first on one shelf of the rock, then on a second, and then on a third, and in that manner she ascended to the very top of the cliff, and at last, while the breasts of those below were heaving with emotion, she stood at the foot of the mountain with the child in her arms.

Why did the woman succeed when the strong sailor and the practised highlander had failed? We answer, because there was a strong tie of love between the woman and the babe—the daring peasant was the mother of the child!

Whatever has been or may be the cause that brings distress or suffering upon the child, the mother still loves him, and will labour for his good. Bitterly she may weep over his folly or his crime, feelingly she may deplore his thoughtlessness or his vices, yet he is her child, and she cannot deny the promptings and impulses of her God-given nature. Forgetting or forgiving the past, she hastens to embrace him, and to soothe and comfort him with such words as a mother only knows how to use.

What is so pure as a mother's love? The patriot expects fame, the friend sympathy, the soldier honour. Even Religion, while she waters her faith with tears, looks forward to the blessed rewards of her sacrifices and labours. But maternal affection springs from the breast of the mother free from the taint of selfishness; it is uninvoked by the wand of hope; and unadulterated by the touch of interest. Its objects are the weak and the defenceless. It presides at the cradle of infantile pain, or bends in sympathy above the couch of the faint and the feeble. Its sweetest smiles break through the clouds of misfortune, and its gentlest tones are heard amid the sighs of suffering. The poet Willis, alluding to the purity of this love, says:

"Number thy lamps of love, and tell me now,
How many canst thou relight at the stars,
And blush not at their burning? One, only one;
One lamp, thy mother's love, amid the stars,
Shall lift its pure flame changeless, and before
The throne of God, burn through eternity,
Holy as it was lit and lent thee here."

What is so strong as a mother's love? Like the subtle bond of the universe that binds the elements of the world together in an indissoluble union, this affection of the parent binds her to the objects of parental regard. It is a love that many waters cannot quench, nor many floods drown. Superior to the love of life and of property, it scorns all dictation, braves all dangers, defies all peril, and rises superior to all opposition. No disappointments that cross the path of the faithful mother, no troubles that test her fortitude, no misfortunes that darken her sky, can prevail to sever the link that unites her in love to her children. The poet Wordsworth had a due appreciation of the merits of our subject when he said:—

"Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun or star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though its favourite seat be woman's feeble breast."

What is so firm as a mother's love? Time and misfortune, penury and persecution, hatred and infamy may roll their dark waters successively over it, but still it remains unchanged. The more potent allurements of fortune,

opulence, pride, or power, may seek to estrange it from the objects of its idolatry, but it continues unmoved and uncorruptible. True as the needle to the pole, immovable as the rock in the ocean, is a true mother's affection in its allegiance to the objects of maternal regard.

The poet Dryden says:—

"A mother's love
All change will mock,
And like the ivy round the oak,
Cling closer in the storm."

The love of the mother is never exhausted, it never changes, and it never tires. A father may turn his back upon his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives and wives their husbands, but a mother's love endures through every vicissitude. In good report and in evil, in the face of a world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her wayward son will turn from his evil ways and live a holy and a righteous life. He may be vicious in his habits, unfilial in his conduct, lawless in his passions, and perverse in his disposition, still she remembers the infant smile that once filled her soul with rapture, the merry laugh that vibrated through her heart, the joyful shout of childhood, the opening promise of his youth, and she cannot be induced to think him unworthy of her affection.

A modern writer beautifully remarks that "A man's mother is the truest representative of his Maker. Misfortune and even crime set up no barrier between her and her son. While his mother lives he has one friend who will not listen when he is slandered, who will not desert him when he suffers, who will soothe him in his sorrows, and speak to him of hope when he is ready to despair. Her affection for her child knows no ebbing tide. It flows on and on from a perennial fountain, spreads happiness through this vale of tears, and ceases not when time is merged in the ocean of eternity."

Can we any of us too well repay this fervent, this devoted love of the mother? She who has been our nurse in infancy, our guide in childhood, our counsellor in manhood, our companion in sickness, our support in misfortune, our helper in adversity, and our faithful friend in all the dark and difficult periods of our life? Certainly not. A life of unceasing attention, veneration, and kindness cannot cancel the debt of gratitude we owe to her whose pure and unselfish love has been manifested for us during the whole of our earthly existence.

A poet of our time thus beautifully portrays the sentiment of filial affection which is the purest and the holiest

"In our stronger, sterner manhood, when no ray
Of earlier sunshine glimmers on our way,
When girt with sin, and sorrow, and the toil
Of cares which tear the bosom that they soil;
Oh! if there be in retrospection's chain
One link that joins us to our youth again,
One thought so sweet we hardly dare to muse
On all the hoarded raptures it reviews,
Which seems each instant, in its backward range,
The heart to soften, and its ties to change,
And every spring untouched for years to move,
It is the memory of a Mother's love."

J. F. Davenport.

IF YOU PLEASE.

When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him on a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the Duke replied:

"Yes, if you please."

These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy are expressed by them! He who had commanded great armies, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not overlook the small courtesies of life.

Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! They order so. That is ill-bred, and shows, to say the least, a want of thought. In all your home talk, remember "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "If you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Do not forget these little words—"If you please."

A BOY'S WAY TO SUCCESS.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

THERE are three qualities which will ensure success in every walk in life, namely, ability, integrity, and industry; and though, at first sight, it might seem as if the first of these must be a gift and cannot be cultivated, you will find it is a fact that every boy has ability, if he only finds out in which line of study or action it lies. Ability is the power of doing a thing well. A boy should learn early that he cannot have ability in everything; that is, few boys have a great deal of general ability. The first thing should be that "whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." A boy who does his best in whatever he undertakes, will soon find in what direction his efforts meet with the most marked success; and having discovered that, let him bend all his energies to be *first* in that particular branch of study or work. Better be a first-class carpenter than a fourth-rate lawyer; a good machinist, than a poor doctor.

But many boys cannot judge of their own abilities; and the father, who should study his son's peculiar temperament and characteristics, gives them little thought. Don't give it up; be on the watch to make a good friend; choose your associates among those who aim high, not as to money or social standing, but as to learning and earnest Christian living. A boy should have at least one friend several years his senior, who can guide him as to a choice of what branch of work or study to set his best efforts. He will by earnest endeavour gain ability; let him guard well his integrity. This is more than truthfulness; it is whole-heartedness. A boy of integrity is like a stout, staunch ship sailing through the ocean, the waves may sway her from side to side, but she will remain whole and firm. Boys, make up your minds to be true. If you have deceived, say so to yourself, and say, "By God's help, I'll stop short, from this day. I must *earn* an honourable name, and I *will*," and at whatever cost to yourself, be true; let no temptation spring a leak in your heart.

Now, about industry. A boy with good ability and integrity, even if he is rather lazy and shiftless, will perhaps get along; but what opportunities lost for usefulness! Boys, remember that the most successful men have been the most industrious. It is easy to point out some rich man and say, "He began as a poor boy." Yes; but he worked hard, year in and year out. One word about this industry. Don't let it be simply being industrious to be rich. Aim higher than riches. Store your mind with gleanings from the best writers, cultivate a taste for reading, and let the success at which you aim be the approval of a good conscience. Riches are not to be despised; but it is only when they are united to learning and religion, that they are to be envied.

I wish boys would realise more that every little event of their boyhood is shaping their future character. The boy who is more anxious to understand perfectly what he learns, than to appear to make progress, who cares more for acquiring knowledge than to shine as a student, will be a man of more ability and integrity than one who cares for the mere surface show.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

IT is a strange and somewhat touching thought,
That e'en the commonest of lives is fraught
With beauty and with meaning; it doth hold
A story that would move us much, if told.

For it would speak of struggles for the light,
Of failing, and of striving for the right,
Of feelings that have never been expressed,
And yearnings that will never be confessed.

Yes, it would move us, if we could but hear
The inner thoughts of those who seem so near;
So near, and yet so very far apart;
For none can read another's inmost heart.

A veil divides us; and we never know
Beneath the quiet mien, what lies below;
Or we should find that everywhere is rife
The true and holy poetry of life.

Perhaps the angels read it; in a face
To us repulsive, they may find a trace
Of light divine; and, with pure insight, where
We slight, they'd find a kindred spirit there.

W.

COPERNICUS.

Nicolaus Copernicus was born at Thorn in Poland, on the 12th of February, 1473. It has been often stated that his parents were serfs; but even that element of romance does not really belong to this seemingly common-place career. He was the son of an honest and thrifty burgher, who followed the respectable but unromantic calling of a baker. From his earliest years, young Copernicus showed himself a born student; and at the age of eighteen he entered the University of Cracow, then one of the most famous seats of learning in Europe. Here, while pursuing the general courses of philosophy and medicine, he soon began to attach himself to what was destined to be the study of his life. Inspired by the teaching of a celebrated professor of astronomy at Cracow, he devoted himself to that science with ardour; he became the favourite pupil of his master, and already people began to prophesy a brilliant career for the young student of the heavens. After five years spent in Cracow, he betook himself to Italy, in those days the chosen land of learning as well as religion. Here he pursued the path which he had marked out for himself, with the same ardour and success as in his native country. At Bologna, one of the most renowned astronomers of the century admitted him into his intimacy; made him the companion of his own studies; and together they prosecuted their investigations as far as the state of astronomical science then permitted.

When twenty-six years old, Copernicus was elected professor of astronomy at Rome. The young Pole who had come three years before, a stranger into Italy, had become the chief scientific teacher in the capital of the Christian world.

But Copernicus was not content with the fame of a brilliant lecturer and a learned expounder of astronomical knowledge. Already he began to be haunted with visions of a greater discovery than that of Columbus. His auditors might be charmed by his eloquence and scientific fervour, but the young lecturer himself was very far from being satisfied with the doctrines which he was teaching, in common with all the other astronomers of Europe. He saw the lack of unity and harmony which characterised the ancient system; it was, as it seemed to him, too cumbrous, too complicated, too irregular to be a true representation of a Universe planned by infinite wisdom.

But Rome, at that time, was very far from offering a peaceful retreat to any one, especially to a man who had devoted himself to labours destined to revolutionise the opinions of mankind. The Holy City was filled with tumult, and given over to the worst disorder; it was rent with internal dissensions, and constantly exposed to foreign wars and invasions. Copernicus resolved to turn his back upon these turbulent scenes. Sacrificing all his brilliant prospects at the capital of Christendom, he set out in 1502 to return to his native land.

The same year that Copernicus set out on his return, Luther came on his memorable pilgrimage to Rome. The two immortals, it may be, passed each other upon the road.

Copernicus, in turning his back upon Rome, had not closed to himself every avenue of worldly prosperity; it would have been very easy for him to have renewed in Poland the brilliant triumphs of his Italian life. His countrymen welcomed him with a feeling of national pride, and he was urgently requested to accept the vacant chair of astronomy in the University of Cracow. But the young astronomer steadfastly refused. Copernicus resolved to become a priest.

Quitting the capital, amid the regrets of all his friends, who deplored what seemed to them a wanton casting aside of the most splendid prospects, Copernicus began his priestly duties in the little town of Frauenberg. To live among the rude peasantry of an obscure village was almost utter solitude to a man whose years had been passed in the society of the great and the learned, amidst the bustle of splendid capitals like Cracow or Rome. But the solitary priest never repined. He had lost everything that men deem most desirable, but he had gained what to him was the

one thing needful. He had chosen to forget all that was going on upon the earth, in order to explore the secrets of the heavens. Of that choice he never repented. For thirty-three years he laboured in this seclusion. And when death came to claim the great astronomer, it found him still a humble priest in the little town of Frauenberg.

But let it not be supposed that this life was all seclusion and forgetfulness of mundane things. On the contrary, Copernicus betook himself with ardour and enthusiasm to the duties of his humble calling. He was rigorously exact in attending to all the details of public worship; he neglected no religious interest that had been confided to his charge. Much of his time was also consecrated to works of charity. During his studies at Cracow and in Italy, he had acquired a very extensive knowledge of the medical art, and all this was freely placed at the disposal of the poor among his flock. Every day the sick used to gather around his modest retreat, in order to receive not only the spiritual counsels of a priest, but the advice and medicines of a skilful and learned physician. The cures wrought by his skill seemed almost miraculous in the eyes of the simple peasantry, and their fame spread so widely through the country that the sick were often brought from great distances to receive the aid of the wise and charitable priest. Not content with this, he called into requisition his vast mathematical and mechanical attainments, in order to increase the physical comfort of his people. Frauenberg was situated upon a high hill, and the inhabitants were compelled, at great expense of time and labour, to carry water from the river Bauda, half a league distant. To remedy this inconvenience, the priestly astronomer took upon himself the duties of a civil engineer. A canal was dug from the river across the country; by an ingenious piece of mechanism the water was carried up the side of the mountain, and soon, thanks to their good priest, the inhabitants of Frauenberg found the limpid stream running by their doors. In such labours of charity and benevolence, Copernicus seemed never to weary. All the talents and acquirements that he possessed, were made to contribute to the welfare of those around him.

Of the difficulty and magnitude of the work to which Copernicus had devoted himself, it is not easy for us in the present day, and especially for those without astronomical knowledge, to gain a true appreciation. The true theory of the heavenly motions seems so plain and simple, that we wonder how any one could have failed to understand it; we lose all patience with the centuries whose wise men taught that the earth was the centre of the universe, that the sun, the planets, and all the immense hosts of heaven revolved around this little world of ours.

At last, after years of perplexed research, a glimmer of light breaks in upon him. But years more elapsed before he was able to give definite form to his vague conception, to apply it with scientific exactitude to all the intricate phenomena of the heavens, to explain the numberless contradictions and inconsistencies that seemed to be presented. In 1502 he gained the first germ of his interpretation. In 1507, he began the composition of his great work, "Upon the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies." It was completed in 1530.

What, one is led to ask, was the impulse that inspired and strengthened him amid these toils of a life-time? The answer that we are about to give to this question will sound strangely to many who have been wont to look upon science as the enemy of faith and the champion of materialism and irreligion. Depth of religious sentiment, profound reverence, a sublime faith in God and spiritual things, these were the qualities that made him the patriarch of modern science. He saw—what every other thoughtful astronomer could not help seeing—that according to the old theory, the system of the universe was irregular and inharmonious, that it lacked unity of design, that it turned the heavens into a perpetual scene of anarchy and chaos. But his piety revolted at such a conception of the Divine handiwork.

The mechanism of the universe, as it had been explained by the ancients, did

not seem to him worthy of the Divine Wisdom. Therefore he cast it aside, and full of faith, began to search for a new system which should be in harmony with the perfection of God.

It is the most important lesson that the present age can learn. There has been no end of talk concerning the conflict of faith and science—a truceless war that must result, we are assured, in the destruction of all that mankind has been wont to regard as sacred and holy. But there is, practically, no such conflict; it is the dream of theorists or of undevout souls who ascribe to science what really has no existence except in their own hearts. Science is the child of faith. It has had its origin in reverence, in the intensity of spiritual convictions, in the most exalted sentiments of religion. The sceptic is not a discoverer; his incredulity stands as much in the way of new enterprises and new ideas as the credulity of superstition. He may criticise and develope what others have brought to light and established. But there is no science which has had its origin in a purely materialistic brain, one that believes only what it has seen, and has no faith in spiritual and eternal things. Copernicus, Kepler, Newton—surely these three are sufficient to prove that only devout and reverent souls are permitted to explain the secrets of the universe.

The manuscript, as we have said, was completed in 1530. It was not published until 1543. How shall we explain this long delay? The patient waiting for thirteen years, until the work could be carried to its highest perfection. Copernicus was a devout Catholic, a pious priest, who sincerely believed that his discovery would redound to the interests of religion and the glory of the Church. In pursuance of this conviction, he dedicated his book when it was finally published, to the Pope, Paul III., chief of the Church that he wished to serve. He appealed to the highest ecclesiastical authority to place the signet of its approval upon his discovery, and thus to hasten its acceptance by the Catholic world. He never dreamed, to all appearance, that the Congregation of the Index would place their condemnation upon his work. In a word, there is no reason for believing that Copernicus had any fear of ecclesiastical persecution, or that he was a man to recoil, if he had.

The chief cause of the delay we believe to be something like this. Copernicus, whether wisely or not we do not pretend to say—had a high disdain for the popular judgment. As he himself said, "What I know, the people do not approve, and what the people approve, that I do not know." He felt that the ways of the multitude were not his ways, and their thoughts were not his thoughts. He foresaw that his doctrine would seem to them a self-evident absurdity, that they would welcome it with that coarse derision, that stolid incredulity of ignorance which of all forms of opposition is the most galling to a sensitive soul. In spite of his modest seclusion, it had come to be noised about through the neighbouring country that a learned priest at Frauenberg had devoted his life to proving that the sun stood still, and the earth revolved around it. The multitude burst into a roar of laughter at the self-evident absurdity of the idea. To them, Copernicus was an exquisite fool—a man who had lost his wits through too much study. The clowns of the rustic stage took up the funny theme, and went about the country repeating a burlesque in which the great astronomer figured as the chief buffoon. Everywhere they met with immense success, until they came to Frauenberg. There the goodness, the benevolence, the wisdom of the modest priest was too well known to permit him to be a fit subject for buffoonery, and the showmen retired crestfallen before the indignation of the honest burghers.

We are not to suppose, however, that years of waiting were passed in dreaming and idleness. The old astronomer, now that the great work of his life was done, busied himself with minor labours in the interest of science. During this time he made several important contributions to astronomical learning, that by themselves would have gained him renown, if they had not been almost lost amid the lustre of his chief triumph. Nor did he in his old age abandon those

labours of religion and charity which make his life seem so much less arid, so much less parched up with one burning passion, than that of the ordinary man of science. The duties of a priest and of a physician to the poor people of Frauenberg he prosecuted faithfully to the end.

During these years, his fellow astronomers were less patient than Copernicus himself. They were constantly urging him to publish his discovery of the world, until at last he yielded to their entreaties, and the printing began. It was evident, indeed, that he had waited quite long enough. The old man was now seventy years of age, and the signs of approaching dissolution were rapidly manifesting themselves. Stricken with mortal disease, he at last took to his bed, and there awaited the return of the messenger who was to bring the first copy of his book from the press. When the messenger came Copernicus was dying. For a moment, the author quietly regarded his book. Then turning away, he fixed his thoughts upon still more serious matters —the most solemn that can come to the attention of man.

Amidst the deep calm of those many years passed in humble retirement, the great astronomer had begun and ended a work, than which none more important has ever come from the hand of man. A still deeper calm lay upon the face of the author when his work first went forth to the world.—*S. S. Hebberd.*

NEARLY A PREACHER.

It is very common on some of the lines of railway in the United States to give a free ticket to persons who are going to preach or lecture. It was at one of the stations where this is done the following conversation took place :

"Would you give a preacher a pass to Grand Rapids?"

"Are you a preacher?"

"Kinder."

"You give me your word that you are a preacher, do you?"

"N—ot exactly," stammered the stranger. "I don't say I'm regularly ordained."

"We can give passes to clergymen occasionally, but we must know that they are active dispensers of the gospel."

"That hits me," cheerily replied the old man, rubbing his hands. "I calculate I dispense more gospel than any other man in Antrim county."

"But you just admitted that you wern't a preacher," said the official.

"Not a regular, Squire. I'm what you might call an assistant to regular preachers. I'm sexton of a church; I can lead at a prayer meeting, and I've started all the hymns that have been sung in Antrim county for five years past."

The official smiled faintly, and the stranger was encouraged to go on :

"I'm nearly a preacher. Folks send for me when they are dying. I keep order at camp meetings, and if anybody's to be dragged out of the school-house for snapping beans during prayer meeting, I'm the one who does the dragging."

"That's hardly being a regular preacher," replied the official.

"No, of course; but it's mighty close on to it. It's so near that I hate to walk to Grand Rapids. I'm on call, Judge. If our preacher should suddenly give out I'd be the only man within fifteen miles who could stand behind his pulpit and take his place. They all know it, and I'm respected accordingly. More'n half the people call me 'parson' or 'deacon,' and fellers who have got into a jaw about Daniel in the lion's den or Moses in the bulrushes have walked five miles to have me set 'em right."

The official made out a trip pass, and as the stranger returned thanks and picked up his cane, he added:

"I won't take up any more room than I can help, and I'll leave my satchel if you think the cars 'll be loaded too heavy. You have lent this pass to the poor, and it's treasure laid up in heaven for you, where I hope some day to meet you and tell you how good it felt to roll along in your cars after jogging for eighty-five miles on foot."

A young lady of Chicago, on returning from church recently, was asked what the text was, when she innocently replied, "Blessed are the dress-makers."

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME.

EACH day when the glow of the sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in that dear old homestead,
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together,
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago;"—
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
At home in the Better Land.

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know!—yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother-heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies:
The babe whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom—
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over their grave!

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at their idle fears;
He is only back with his children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love! have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear! they are all at home!"

THE UNIVERSALITY OF GOD'S LOVE.

GOD'S love is not partial, streaming into some souls and not into others; for love is declared to be, not an *attribute* of God, but His very *essence*. The apostle does not say "God loves;" if he did, we might say he loves this one, and not that one. But he says, "God is love." Love, therefore, is the very being of God. It is not a *mode* of God's activity, but that activity itself, and every outflow of it is an outflow of love. If we say, "God is angry," it is love that is angry, and angry not to destroy, but to save. Some think there are two sides to God, a side of love and a side of hate. But this is no true conception. Every side of God is one of love. The expression, "The wrath of God," cannot be admitted. God's love may at times be a consuming fire. It may burn out our meannesses in fierce ways, but every relation that God sustains is one of love; and to think Him out of that relation is to think Him out of existence. When we think God, we do not think boundless force or boundless intelligence merely, but boundless love; and the whole universe is the expression of this. Nothing is outside of it. The tiniest atom floats in a sea of love. The ephemera's life is the outbreathing of love. All nature is the harmony of love. Love enfolds and wraps us round for ever. It works within, and will not cease to work until the perfect beauty is accomplished. We may despair of love, but love never despairs of us. We may see only darkness, but love sweeps through the darkness with kindling, invisible rays, and sustains us though we know it not. It is the sun, and the radiance of the sun; it is the fountain, and its flowing waters; it is the power that impels; it is the splendour that attracts. Without love God is not, and only as love exists does God exist in any possible mode or energy. At whatever point we touch the Infinite and Eternal, it glows and thrills with love.—*Putnam.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

REPROOF.—At a collection made for a charity, a lady offered the plate to a rich man who was well known for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was the curt reply. "Then take something, sir," said the lady; "you know I am begging for the poor."

AN EPITAPH.—In the churchyard at Askrigg, Wensleydale, is a tombstone with the following inscription:—

Here lieth
ye body of Mr. Miles Alderson
who died in ye 75th year of
his age, in the year 1746
AN HONEST ATTORNEY.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.—The *World* gives the following, taken from *Liverpool Evening Express*:—"Wanted, by a young man of refined musical tastes, a position as son-in-law in a quiet well-to-do family. Address———." The next is from the *Guardian*—"A widow, a great invalid, wishes to place two of her daughters, aged twelve and thirteen, under the charge of a lady who would, when necessary, administer the birch-rod, as they are exceedingly troublesome; terms liberal. Address ———."

SAFE ANSWERS.—A Presbyterian of the old true blue sort, who suspected that a minister of his acquaintance was not truly a Calvinist, went to him and said, "Sir, I am told that you are against the perseverance of the saints." "Not I, indeed," answered he. "It is the perseverance of the sinners that I oppose." "But that is not a satisfactory answer, Sir. Do you think that a child of God cannot fall very low, and yet be restored!" The reverend Catechumen replied, "I do not deny that he may; but I think that it will be very dangerous for any one to make the experiment."

SUNDAYS FOR RELIGION.—The coloured brother of the South, with his high religious feeling and low practical morality, is a representative of the current divorce of religion and morality, which is beginning to attract attention from pulpit and press. A worthy missionary clergyman from the North, found his brethren and sisters quite forgetful of the moral law, and began to give them a series of practical discourses against lying and stealing. The congregation stood it for a Sunday or two, and then they revolted, one of their deacons being their spokesman and addressing their preacher thus: "We like you bery much and want to make it comf'ble for you, but the fac' is, we don't like this preaching against lyin' and stealin'—we mus' hab our Sundays for 'ligion."—*American Paper.*

A MISTAKE.—A gentleman in an eating saloon asked the person next to him if he would please pass the mustard. "Sir," said the man, "do you mistake me for a waiter?" "Oh, no, sir," was the reply, "I mistook you for a gentleman."

GRACEFUL.—Recently, at a wedding, when the clergyman asked the young lady, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband!" she, with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, "If you please."

THOUGHTLESS AMENS.—We have all heard of the enthusiastic Methodist brother who shouted "Amen, hit or miss," after having been warned not to interject his responses in the wrong place; but now comes the story of an exhortation in which the speaker on saying, "This is, perhaps, the last time my voice will ever be heard in this house," was followed by a vigorous, though thoughtless, "Amen!"

THE POWER OF ATTRACTION.—Professor Smythe was lecturing in Ossipee on natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced one of Carrington's most powerful magnets, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet. "Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" the lecturer demanded. "I ken," answered a voice from the audience. "Not a natural terrestrial object, I opine?" "Yaas, sir!" The professor challenged the man who had spoken to name the thing. Then up rose old Seth Wimlet. He was a genius in his way, and original. Said he: "I ken give ye the facts, squire, an' ye ken judge for yerself. When I were a young man, thar were a little piece of nateral magnet, done up in kaliker an' dimity, as was called Betsy Jane. She could draw me fourteen miles every Sunday. Snakes alive, it were jest as nateral as slidin' down hill! Thar wa'n't no resistin' her. That 'ere magnet o' yourn is pooty good, but 'taint a circumstance to the one 'at draw'd me. No, sir!"—*American Paper.*

THE following are the terms for supplying the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN and RECORD OF UNITARIAN WORTHIES, post free:—

	s.	d.
1 copy, per year	2	0
2 copies „	3	6
3 „ „	5	6
5 „ „	6	0

Twelve copies and upward at 1d. per copy, post free.

Communications to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 19, Mornington-road, Bow-road, London, E.

Printed by GEORGE REVEIRS, (successor to SAMUEL TAYLOR), Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and the trade supplied by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.